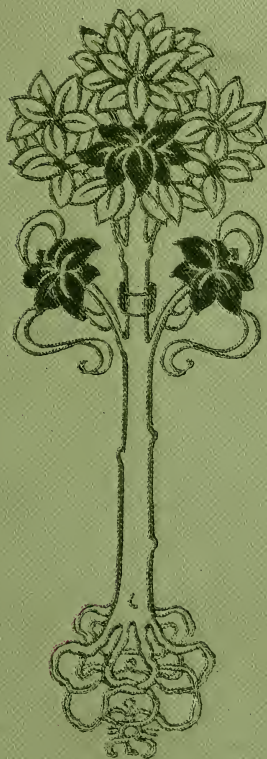


P S  
3525  
A269  
S7  
1907

*A Stricken City  
& other Poems  
by Salmon-Maclean*





Class PS 3525

Book A 269 S7

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1907

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



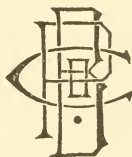


A  
STRICKEN CITY

By  
SALMON-MACLEAN

---

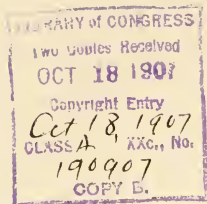
---



---

---

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.  
835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



PS 3525  
.A269 S7  
1907

---

Copyright, 1907.

BY

SALMON MACLEAN.

---

*All Rights Reserved.*

---



“Methinks already, from his chymic flame,  
I see a city of more precious mould:  
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,  
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.”  
—DRYDEN.





## PREFACE.

As at a gathering, social or otherwise, the audience may be astonished at the omission of the president's opening address, so some of my kind readers and friendly critics may be disappointed in not seeing a preface; whilst others (unfriendly critics, I mean,) may wonder why I haven't made a humble apology for putting such a poorly executed production into their hands. After making the following explanation, however, I trust that there will be neither disappointment on the one hand, nor amazement on the other.

I have always spent my leisure in writing verse; but I never wrote with a view to publishing any of my poems. After having completed "A Stricken City," I thought, as usual, that it was fit for *my* eyes alone; but others who happened to see it, advised me to publish it. I found it no easy task to follow that advice. I have, however, made this attempt, yet, with some amount of reluctance; and as you herein have an opportunity to judge for yourself, I leave you

to form your own opinion of it. With it, as you will see, I have published a few others, and I trust that after you have read these pieces, you will have no cause to regret having spent the time in reading them.

July 1, 1907.

S-M.

## CONTENTS.

	Page.
A Stricken City.....	1
A Photograph .....	7
Life's Changes .....	10
Parted .....	12
Death (or the Sleep of Death).....	15
Winter .....	18
A Promise .....	20
Genius .....	21
The Ocean .....	22
On the Beach.....	27
Through Life .....	29



## A STRICKEN CITY.

Dear Kingston! daughter of a queenly isle,  
Whose brow a crown adorns, on which e'er smile  
The richest trophies from those tropic seas,  
And choicest emblems of her emerald leas,  
Our hearts now break with sorrow to behold  
Thee prostrate, mangled, lifeless like of old  
Port Royal, when beneath the blows she knelt,—  
Those murd'rous blows which by the Fates were  
dealt.

How oft along thy streets my steps had stray'd,  
And brought me weary, worn to where I laid —  
My frame, a burden, whilst my spirit free  
Maintain'd unequall'd war against ennui!

Methinks I hear thy coaches constant run,  
A market's din, the schoolboys' noisy fun;  
I hear the notes the steamhorns often play'd  
At morn, at noon, at evening's growing shade:  
I see thine eloquent spires all looking down  
With eyes benign upon thee, fated town;

And now before me pass the rural swains,  
With hastening steps along thy sunny lanes:  
I feel the ire of each tropic ray,  
The cooling zephyrs from across the bay,  
The southern doctor from a sky-bound sea,  
The northeast wind which swept thy green wall'd  
lea,—

In that, the fuel of exhaustion lay;  
In these, Cheer's whispers on a summer day:  
Still too, the fragrant scent of many a rose,—  
The wild, the cultured, which the bee once chose,  
Around my memory dances; but with it  
The past, the present now in sorrow flit:  
Again there lingers on my thirsty tongue,  
That taste delicious of the palm tree's young;  
And Fancy's hand o'er stretching the broad sea  
Plucks tropic fruits, which still do beckon me,—  
But Mem'ry's hand had written these. Ah! now  
Time's monuments are mix'd as by the plough,—  
All levell'd with the sod. Can this be thou?

The twentieth century had but just begun  
Her seventh annual journey 'round the sun;  
Her first born fortnight wanted but nine hours  
To quit forever those now des'late bowers

At midnight, when sweet sleep would nurse with  
care

The weary pilgrims of that youthful year;  
When as some chasèd Amazon subdued  
By Phœbus' darts, the war had not renew'd;  
But lying, breathing deeply, gasp'd for breath;  
Then at the sight of slow advancing death  
She shook convulsive, rose and fell again:  
So quaked the spot which mark'd where thou  
wast slain—

The earth shook long, thy homes, Oh Kingston,  
fell;

And sounds not human mix'd with human yell.

The spots which mark'd the kennels of the  
hounds

That cross'd the ocean plains by leaps and bounds,  
There, where a country's products found them-  
selves

The temporary inmates of the shelves,  
Where linger'd too a cab with jealous eye  
To vie with cars in courting passers-by,—  
There now a death-trod field its charge conceals,  
And with compulsion mangled forms reveals.  
Oh! sudden, fatal was the change that led

The living to the regions of the dead,  
The rich and poor to pastures new and bare,  
And then together left them helpless there!

Within those rails that bound thy garden  
square,  
Surrounded by a spacious thoroughfare,  
Which dust supplied the restless summer air,  
In that old park whose trees and fountains enjoy'd  
Sweet martial strains by war not then employ'd,  
There, where a hundred sat on Sunday eve,  
And like a hundred looms their tales did weave,  
Where giant trees o'er lawns eternal green  
And lots design'd, made art a forest scene,—  
Thy choicest tropic blossoms bloom no more  
There, where encamp the needy rich and poor.

Again within that dusty circling track,  
Where sped the rider on the racer's back,  
There, where thy country's colors proudly  
danced

Upon the winds while passing viceroys glanced,  
And generals, at the lines which belch'd forth  
fire

At Britain's beck free, not in Britons' hire,  
When back they oft brought laurels from a field



Where victors capture and the vanquish'd yield,  
Where chemical meteors did ascend on high  
To add brief beauty to a starry sky,  
Where too a desert summer made the scene  
Whilst flowers, like stars, in spring did spot the  
green,—

There now a homeless populace lament,  
Sky this one's canopy, and that a tent.

Now meets mine eyes that stately tower just  
near

Thy time-worn hippodrome, thou Kingston dear!  
Within her arms her sons have slept the sleep  
That told a tale of safety—angel's keep,—  
How steadfast did that solitary eye  
Of her good clock e'er watch the southern sky!  
How oft beneath that eye with care they play'd,  
They fondest wielders of the willow blade!  
O ne'er can Chance erase fair Mem'ry's hand,  
Which Fortune kindly guided with her wand,  
As Time dictated fast, for lines, the days:  
(She then did lend my steps her guiding rays.)

Afar, I see the proud Blue Mountain's head  
With ashes cover'd, now that thou are dead:  
He sees thee prostrate on that couch beside

The bottled waters of the ocean tide.  
The gown of emerald lawn he gaveth thee,  
Is now in blood-stain'd rags; o'er thee I see  
A mantle weaved of smoke and dust and fire.  
Thy tomb would ne'er carved epitaph require;  
Thyself, the epitaph, wouldst fittest be;  
Thy tomb, thyself, will stretch beside the sea;  
For Phœnix-like thou Kingston soon wilt rise  
Again a city fair to mortal eyes,  
And as the feather'd tribes do meet in court  
To greet the new-born Phœnix: so in port  
The ocean hounds, the winds, each coming wave  
Will join to hail thee victor o'er the grave.

## A PHOTOGRAPH.

The background was of darkish gray,  
A screen with fret-work crown'd; there lay  
Upon the ground a bear, the beast,  
On which sat Beauty (what a feast!)  
The pane forbade a finger's touch;  
For is it ancient Beauty, such  
As 'thiopian chemists kept exempt  
From worm's assault, and the attempt  
Of Time's revenge on mortal clay,  
When lifeless in the grave it lay?  
Or the conception of a mind  
Own'd by a sculptor? Or the find  
Of painter's diligence? Or aught  
That breathes now, and remains unsought  
By Beauties' worshippers? O'er that  
Unwrinkled brow, at rest there sat  
A tuft of golden fibres, bent  
Along where once the scissors went.  
Her ears, her cheeks, her shoulders found

A crypt beneath the gold locks, bound  
About the forehead with a fine  
Blue ribbon, like a curtain's twine.  
Beneath a Roman nose, a red  
Line mark'd the place, whence freely sped  
Once words nectareal that brought  
Those, who a honey'd recluse sought.  
What delicate lips! they seem to say,  
For eyes which look'd so large, that they  
Bestow'd but pity for a love,  
Blest attribute of One above.  
A few steps backwards, but to view  
From crown to sole her form anew,  
Betray'd a smile, which, once conceal'd,  
But now to me her heart reveal'd,  
A mother's heart in breast mature;  
'Neath, arms bereft of one she bore;  
For there behind, hung from the wall  
An "In Memoriam" with a pall  
With artist's pencil drawn. But no  
Etiolation mars the glow,  
Which mark'd a face that lit earth's waste.  
Like cincture, round her slender waist,  
Or half way, barèd arms lay still,

No longer servants of her will.  
Her breast was bare, save from her nape  
There hung a cross, her only rape  
From Vesta's cloister bright; hung loose  
From curving shoulders fabric, whose  
Translucent texture, brown, reveal'd  
A flowing robe, in vain conceal'd.

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

This eve how changed seems nature!  
But that must I believe?  
Just look beside the door-step,  
That green foot-trodden leaf,  
That grafted branch, that seal'd bud,  
Were not there yestereve.

The grass that paved the pathway,  
The bramble and the thorn  
Which vied to catch the passer,  
Had many a hope forlorn;  
But they were levell'd, levell'd  
At this day's budding morn.

The bells that tuned last evening,  
The organ's notes, the pray'r,  
The pious crowds, deserted shops,  
The pastor's pulpit-tear,—  
These are forgot, supplanted;  
By what? See everywhere:

A city's buzzing millions,  
And criers of the town,  
The chamber'd gambler, drunkard,  
The cafe's pamper'd clown,  
The sickman's hope, the prisoner's,  
A rector not in gown,—

These eager chase the finish  
Of toils they'll seek again,  
Toils which make busy nations,  
And will, too, future men,  
They dressing modern methods  
In garbs of future ken.

This eve will be but yester,  
And modern ancient days;  
This present youth will mellow,  
And bathe in Autumn's rays;  
And these our songs will echo  
Then, as but ancient lays.

## PARTED.

'Twas midnight. On the gray shore  
I sat; and as I cast  
My eyes o'er the Atlantic,  
I 'spied a lonely mast.

But then, my thoughts sought farther  
To spot a distant home  
Beyond these furrow'd waters,  
Within the tropic foam.

As Phœbus gazed at Cynthia,  
And she at him again,  
She smiled, and smiling shew'd me  
The silver of the main.

My eyes fix'd on the waters,  
My thoughts dwelt steadfast still  
Within that cozy cottage,  
Upon a shady hill.



In fancy's dream, I enter'd  
That same familiar cot;  
And those I left I found asleep,  
But one; lo! he was not.

A youth, whose soul had hurried  
Across Death's dreaded stream  
Was absent: 'neath a willow,  
He still does sleep and dream.

But by his side are sleeping  
His mother, sister; they  
Did give him parting kisses,  
And he his loved one, May.

His tears were rills, detaining  
The parting of his kin;  
But May's for him were rivers,  
E'en where they did begin.

Methinks, I hear him speaking,  
And see him by my side;  
Or, is it that my senses  
Deceive and me deride?

I censure not the change that  
Has taken from my side  
A friend, and left a shadow  
That whispers to the tide.

But whilst alone I linger,  
I sorrow o'er the loss,  
While, as the ships the billows,  
My craft life's surges toss.

A few years more, and ever  
I yet may sit and sing  
Beside him, while his fingers  
Again vibrate the string.

## DEATH (OR THE SLEEP OF DEATH).

A monster, Death? weep not my child,  
No monster rules the world;  
Do pulpits show a monster with  
A battle's flag unfurl'd?

Death, monster? No! a sleep prolong'd,  
No horror 'tis to die;  
Is sleep, sweet sleep, a horror, when  
In bed thy frame doth lie?

Know'st thou the time when Nature's nurse  
Doth steal thy senses? Child!  
Dost thou dread sleep, or welcome sleep,  
When weary from the wild?

Refresh'd or weary still, when thou  
Behold'st the sun at morn?  
Regrettest thou that kindly sleep  
Repair'd thy senses torn:

Torn by a disappointment sad,  
Then comforted by sighs?  
What cares thee worry when in sleep's  
Kind arms thy body lies?

To die, to sleep; if pain to die,  
Then pain to fall asleep;  
To sleep, a mortal is to rise;  
To die, to sleep, sleep, sleep.

What then dread'st thou? If pain,  
The pain as consequence  
Existeth not; but 'tis the cause  
Of death that gives th' offence.

If pain, at death, doth give offence,  
Then death but pain defeats,  
By snatching from pain's thongs the soul,  
Which but to th' heavens fleets.

To die, to change: the soul but quits  
Its earthly home; awake  
From sleep: the soul returns; awake  
Not: soul its flight doth take.

Sweet sleep? sweet death; dread death? dread  
sleep:

How plain! live happy, child!

Let not a teacher horrid make

What is but sweet and mild.

## WINTER.

Quickly stepping with the year,  
Bearded, frowning, worn with care,  
    Winter came,  
Breathing icy breath on me,  
Casting white sheets o'er the lea—  
    What a shame!

Birdies, quitting desert lands,  
Sail'd away in hungry bands  
    To my door;  
For their food supplies were lost  
Underneath the snow and frost—  
    Winter's floor.

Naked trees with outstretch'd arms,  
Standing in deserted farms,  
    Wept beneath  
Winter's burden white and cold;  
And the stones each had a mould—  
    Brittle sheath.

Weary, sad, and weak, the year  
Breathed his last, and then a tear  
    Winter shed ;  
But he smiled to see the morn,  
When a little babe was born  
    To the dead.

Midnight voices fill'd the air,  
And the birth of a new year  
    They proclaim'd ;  
Then came next old Winter's end,  
Locks all hoary, without friend,  
    And ill-famed.

## A PROMISE.

The helpless needy asks just aid,  
A promise gets to wear;  
A blessing gives, if ne'er does fade  
That promise' budding ear.

Too many a promise worthless is,  
Its giver, Falsehood's page;  
Yet there are wither'd promises,  
Which shrivel with their age.

As fickle minds (unwish'd, forsooth)  
Expected age may blast:  
So budding hope, in weather'd youth,  
May die; and all's a past.

Oh! trust not then a promise, friend!  
Its giver false may be;  
If honest, just one change may end  
A seeming certainty.



## GENIUS.

Thou, mount! that lift'st thy head above  
In conference with a God of love,  
Fit symbol of the genius—man,  
Whose place is fixèd, in God's plan,  
Within thy bushy head abide  
Hid founts of cooling streams, which glide  
To thirsty minds in endless tide.  
Blessing and blest, rever'd and grand,  
His name re-echoes through the land;  
Immortal, for his wit shall flow  
In ceaseless currents here below.

## THE OCEAN.

Thou ocean! fountain of the floating seas,  
Dread ocean! roar, and fill the tensive shores  
With those sweet strains a prairie is denied.  
There, feather'd songsters and the restless winds  
Do entertain their sylvan guests at will;  
Here, now at ebb, thy gentle ripples sound  
Their whisp'ring notes, while little fishes sport.  
Are not those soften'd strains the music, which,  
At flow, the merry waves but render loud  
And long, with their almighty tenor cords?  
The little spies, the grains of sand, which move  
Obedient to the weakest of thy waves,  
Are ready to betray the trail of him,  
Who treads the borders of thy vast domain.

How mighty and majestic are those waves  
That monster-like thy troubled breast patrol!  
As when some sinewy giant, choked with rage,  
With eyes like brazen cannons shelter'd by

Those dismal brows, cliffs that defy approach,  
Attacks a youth of feeble parts, who yields  
For fear of deadly blows, and e'er ascends  
Obedient to the force of giant arms—  
When absent stubbornness, beseeching wails  
Defeat the threats of storm, and freedom win:  
So oaken barges, steel clad ships outlive  
The anger of thy deaf'ning surges wild.  
The storm abates, and then thy tamèd breast  
Doth heave no more with anger: now assuaged,  
Thy waters nurse, with tenderest care, the small  
Frail craft a schoolboy's hand too loves to shape.  
The yacht-nursed newly married couple ride  
Through merry winds that cheer them on their  
    way;  
And safe upon thy breast, their honeymoon  
The bride and bridegroom spend—a life's sweet  
    morn.

When from some earthly pinnacle mine eyes  
Survey the fields of snowy foam, when, too,  
On high, I see the sprays from reefs ascend  
And fall in showers upon thy harrow'd breast,  
My thoughts desert me there, and quickly speed

To pay due homage to Him, who endow'd  
Thee, Ocean! with such liberty and pow'r—  
To sleep, to rage like demons, to destroy  
A fleet in sport, a Holland to annoy.

For many a day thy pathless way I trod  
With certain steps; and nightly, on thy breast  
My spirit left its body to its own  
Uncertain fate. O glorious! glorious sight!  
When Phoebe's pale-faced maids did trip the  
light

Fantastic toe upon thy silv'ry floor,  
In joy for the absence of the shades.  
Once through the curtains of a darksome night,  
A ray did peep at me, it movèd on;  
And hours reluctant brought thy curvèd breast,  
A hillock, but to hide me from that gaze:  
A distant ship did guide that slowly setting star  
Across that treach'rous wilderness of thine;  
And me, too, safe beneath a similar eye,  
A cyclops carried not to caves, but o'er.  
'Twas Beauty's child, that scene the lord of day  
Did show the west upon that cloudless morn,  
When slowly, he his golden curtains moved,

To say good morning to a waking world.  
His cheerful smile thy bosom glad return'd,  
And heaven join'd the happy earth, as she  
Did laugh in mock of Nox's speedy flight.  
But wise, Nox left to watch the fields she fled  
Her maids, those shadows of each dark'ning  
form

That e'er must pass before day's bright-eyed  
lord.

Gray sea weeds, waters dark and warmer than  
Thy station'd waters, stretch'd for miles before  
My wand'ring eyes for many a creeping hour;  
But absent foams and stubborn waves betray'd  
The heavy Gulf Stream of an ocean plain.  
Earth then to me was nothing but one field  
Of living water; sky and sea, my ship  
And crew were all the universe contain'd.  
No hills did kiss the distant sky, till days,  
Not hours, brought back approaching emerald  
fields,  
And made earth, sea and land—not ocean all.

Blest home of man! where health and free-  
dom meet,

Best home on earth thy bosom freely gives  
Far from invading friends, the wiles of foes,  
Earth's gossip and political intrigues.  
Competing trade a thought, and not a form,  
Leaves to thy care its fleets rich and unarm'd.  
Arts, science live; but on thee leave no trace,  
Save, near the shore, the beacon, which must  
keep

His lonely watch, while weary mortals sleep,  
Save hulkless masts that mark too many a grave,  
Or straying derelicts some ship deserts—  
Save these, no trace doth mark the vain attempt  
To bring thy realm within man's sceptred sway.

## ON THE BEACH.

The morning pregnant with bright hopes,  
Breathes thoughts of deeds to be ;  
The day wears, and on the gray sand,  
The artists leave to me

The monuments of their day's toil—  
A hero's bust, fair Beauty's dame—  
Then shades of night conceals the child  
Of a genius born to fame.

But Nature's tears may leave behind  
Their prints for vanished joy ;  
As mischief, envy, others too  
Might mar or e'er destroy

The toil of hours, patience, skill,  
In one black night, though morn  
Reveals the work of one alone,  
Who toil'd with hopes forlorn

The day before. Thus nothing marks  
The lives of many here sent;  
Whilst fortunate one's work remains  
His faithful monument.

The site bereft of many a form,  
Which was the child of toil,  
Supplies to future labor space  
That ne'er may know a foil.

So on, and on, on Time's wrought sand,  
The ages can but claim  
Of monuments few that have stood  
True to immortal fame.



## THROUGH LIFE.

## i.

Through life what num'rous vistas hail  
Our ever greedy eyes!  
From days when budding, pruning are  
Devoted to our rise,  
Till autumn's prime, till winter's gloom,  
Or till life seeks the skies!

## ii.

The seminary promises  
Nought of our schoolroom's lore,  
Not wealth of knowledge cull'd from books  
Does constitute its store;  
But there a soul is train'd to live  
A life, forevermore.

## iii.

There God Himself moulds soul and frame,  
Till to the world there goes,

Free from his daily task, a child;  
And there in calm repose,  
Preparing for earth's wanderings,  
Its labors, pleasures, throes,

## iv.

He patient learns. Next schooldays give  
The world a well train'd soul,  
A pupil out on holiday,  
Now free from pole to pole  
To roam, till intermission brings  
The hour for call of roll.

## v.

If sleep eternal—Nature's nurse—  
Applies soft drugs, and ferries  
Across the stream a promised guest  
To earth's fair fields, and buries  
The studious head on downy rest,  
Then from the world's sure worries

## vi.

Fate keeps the child the gods will not,  
For love, give up to pine,

And, like most mortals, bow beneath  
A load, for which the fine  
Inflicted ends attempts to move  
The anger o' the Divine.

## vii.

Awake, recess but finds the youth  
A shy one, and unskill'd  
To rough the roughs, who hold the street;  
But soon, bold and self-will'd,  
He enters glad life's stage, and plays  
His part now plucky fill'd.

## viii.

The virtues and the vices, which  
Make up each act, each scene,  
His heart make eden; for therein,  
The good, and bad between  
He now discriminates, lo! wise,  
An Adam! or his Eve!

## ix.

Still morning's rays bring forth glad hopes  
Of coming noon, when gay

The world moves, as at flow, and shows  
The zenith of the day,  
Ere which the thoughts of love begin  
To bless life's blooming May.

## x.

The heart divided, lists to two,  
To Venus', Duty's voice;  
And tether'd by the two, between  
Both he now shifts his choice;  
Whilst Venus might Adonis choose,  
And with that lone rejoice.

## xi.

Love, king of hearts, a despot rules;  
His subjects mortals are;  
Some true, like gamblers, like the trump,  
And find it e'en afar,  
And win, must win; but why? May be  
The idols of some star.

## xii.

Youth looks on Love with wistful eyes,  
And welcomes life's May-day;

And May-day folks too pray the sun  
Would loiter on his way;  
Whilst eve nectareal made, remains  
Sweet savor'd, fresh, and gay.

## xiii.

The noonday sun now brings new scenes  
To the insatiate mind;  
And as the sidewalks offer free  
Their bosoms there to find  
Sights novel, he surveys them, till  
His breath does kiss as wind.

## xiv.

Too hospitable, pleased to see  
Itself a kind support,  
Where two ways cross, there one tall pile  
A subject keeps for sport  
Him, leaning, courting Nature's nurse—  
Twin sister *de la Mort*.

## xv.

A member of the fairer sex,  
With eye behind her lens,

Pretending that she can supply  
All women's wants and men's,  
Descrying that he shades her sign,  
Raves at his want of sense.

## xvi.

Then Clamor's voice dispels the nurse,  
But fort'nate she has wrought  
With soothing touches—Nature's balm—  
A cure on senses fraught  
With crowded scenes and deafening cries,  
Which come e'en though unsought.

## xvii.

His nerves now husband'd by control  
Of his now waken'd will,  
He sets his curious nature free  
His greedy mind to fill,  
Along the ways of men again,  
Till all the world grows still.

## xviii.

If prince, demeanor princely smiles  
On toil as on they plod,

And learns to feel, and do, and think,  
    With delvers of the sod;  
But still his manner must betray  
    One born to wield the rod.

## xix.

Next, he who drinks the cup of ease  
    And privilege combined,  
Whose ancestor might well have drunk  
    Care's cup with hoping mind,  
May now, exempt from the large fold,  
    Be too small for the find.

## xx.

It matters not which ever rank  
    Does spend the holiday,  
Free from the schoolroom's discipline;  
    There comes the evening's gray,  
When shadows eastern darken first,  
    When fades the western ray.

## xxi.

The stag no more fears shot and pack;  
    The hills re-echo not;

The feather'd nations slumber glad,  
And bless their happy lot,  
Survivors of a day's besiege—  
The hunter's futile plot.

## xxii.

The garden weeps as evening's gray  
Bathes it with silent tears;  
No longer petted and caress'd,  
Each rosebud sadly stares  
Around upon a plain faced lot,  
Whose face a green veil wears.

## xxiii.

Such hobbies and earth's duties leave  
The day's benighted hours  
To grave reflections, or glad thoughts  
Of victory won; then lowers  
The veil, which hides the world from those  
Who now, like fading flowers,

## xxiv.

Perfume the world with precedence,  
Leave fruits to mark their day;



And one by one each wither'd sense  
Falls from each mortal clay,  
Till cold and lifeless here on earth,  
Bereft of life, they lay.

## xxv.

On these such scenes and passing acts,  
The youth does feed his mind;  
And while his part he plays, he leaves  
Impressions, which must find  
Some retina, some tympanum  
To keep their prints behind.

## xxvi.

His sun sets too, at roll-call he  
Presents himself, now spent;  
And from his weary toil and care,  
Which long his wanderings lent,  
He now resigns to live again  
On godly purpose bent.



# Books From Our List of Religious Character

---

## THE SINNER'S FRIEND

By Col. C. G. Samuel

New (4th) Edition with alterations and  
additions in text and illustrations

Postpaid \$1.00

---

## ST. JOHN IN PATMOS

By (late) Rev. Peyton Gallagher

\$1.00 Postpaid

---

## A BROTHER OF CHRIST

By Ingram Crockett

\$1.50 Postpaid

---

These and other Religious Works fully  
described in circulars, gladly mailed

---

**BROADWAY PUB., CO. 835 B'way, N. Y.**

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST  
SPRING AND SUMMER 1907

# BOOKS

## ASTYANAX

An Epic Romance of Ilion, Atlantis and Amaraca

By **HON. JOSEPH M. BROWN**

With 48 Drawings by Hudson

950 pp.

Postpaid \$1.70

## THE TWO FAMILIES

A Novel by

**IRENE GWENDOLIN ZIZICK**

and

**MRS. ANNA BARBARA ZIZICK**

\$1.50 Postpaid

## THE SINNER'S FRIEND

A Beautiful Religious Poem

BY

**C. G. SAMUEL**

3rd Edition

\$1.00

Illustrated

## ACROSS THE PLAINS

AND OVER THE DIVIDE

BY

**RANDALL H. HEWITT**

*A Mule Train Journey from East to West in 1862, and  
Incidents Connected Therewith.*

With About 80 Illustrations \$1.50 Postpaid

*Order from*

**BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.**

835 Broadway

New York

# Sam S. & Lee Shubert

direct the following theatres and theatrical attractions in America :

Hippodrome, Lyric, Casino,  
Dalys, Lew Fields, Herald  
Square and Princess Thea-  
tres, New York.

Garrick Theatre, Chicago.

Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia.

Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn.

Belasco Theatre, Washing-  
ton.

Belasco Theatre, Pittsburg.

Shubert Theatre, Newark.

Shubert Theatre, Utica.

Grand Opera House, Syra-  
cuse.

Baker Theatre, Rochester.

Opera House, Providence.

Worcester Theatre, Worces-  
ter.

Hyperion Theatre, New  
Haven.

Lyceum Theatre, Buffalo.

Colonial Theatre, Cleveland.

Rand's Opera House, Troy.

Garrick Theatre, St. Louis.

Sam S. Shubert Theatre,  
Norfolk, Va.

Shubert Theatre, Columbus.

Lyric, Cincinnati.

Mary Anderson Theatre,  
Louisville.

New Theatre, Richmond,  
Va.

New Theatre, Lexington, Ky.

New Theatre, Mobile.

New Theatre, Atlanta.

Shubert Theatre, Milwau-  
kee.

Lyric Theatre, New Orleans.

New Marlowe Theatre,  
Chattanooga.

New Theatre, Detroit.

Grand Opera House, Dav-  
enport, Iowa.

New Theatre, Toronto.

New Sothern Theatre, Den-  
ver.

Sam S. Shubert Theatre,  
Kansas City.

Majestic Theatre, Los An-  
geles.

Belasco Theatre, Portland.

Shubert Theatre, Seattle.

Majestic Theatre, San Fran-  
cisco.

E. H. Sothern & Julia Mar-  
lowe in repertoire.

Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller.	'Shore Acres.'
Virginia Harned.	Louis Mann in "The White Hen."
Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betsy."	"The Road to Yesterday."
Mme. Alla Nazimova.	Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard."
Thos. W. Ross in "The Other Girl."	"The Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock.
Cecelia Loftus.	De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland."
Clara Bloodgood.	Eddie Foy in "The Orchid."
Blanche Ring.	Marguerite Clark, in a new opera.
Alexander Carr.	"The Social Whirl," with Chas. J. Ross.
Digby Bell.	James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon."
"The Girl Behind the Counter."	Bertha Kalich.
"The Light Eternal."	"Leah Kleschna."
"The Snow Man."	"The Man on the Box."
Blanche Bates in "The Girl from the Golden West."	Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap."
David Warfield in "The Music Master."	"Mrs. Temple's Telegram."
"The Rose of the Rancho," with Rose Starr.	"The Three of Us."
HARRISON GRAY FISKE'S ATTRactions.	
Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea."	

You cannot go wrong in selecting one of these play-houses for an evening's entertainment in whatever city you may happen to be.

## BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

### **Lady Century**

BY MRS. A. G. KINTZEL.

4 Drawings by Hartman.

Decorated cover in black, red and gold.

\$1.50.

Critics who have seen the book declare it superior to "Leave Me My Honor," the success which has recently brought Mrs. Kintzel into prominence as a story-teller who has something to say and can say it.

"Sparkling from cover to cover."

---

### **NAN & SUE**

**Stenographers**

BY HARRIET C. CULLATON.

\$1.00.

You've no doubt heard of this book! It stands all alone in the originality of its title and subject, and everyone knows how charming a subject "Nan & Sue, Stenographers," must be. It is the diary of a typewriting office in New York run by two young and pretty girls, who have the most amusing adventures. The book's appearance is as original and charming as Nan and Sue themselves.

Order now and join the procession on the autumn 10th edition.

## BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER



New Book by the Author of

### **A Girl and the Devil!**

---

We beg to announce for autumn a new novel from the pen of JEANNETTE LLEWELLYN EDWARDS, entitled

### **LOVE IN THE TROPICS**

The scene of Miss Edwards' new work is laid in strange lands, and a treat may be confidently promised the wide reading public whose interest in her first book has caused it to run through over a dozen editions.

### **"LOVE IN THE TROPICS"**

*will be ready about November 1, and particulars will be duly announced.*

---

### **The New Womanhood**

BY WINNIFRED H. COOLEY.

\$1.25.

No more original, striking and brilliant treatise on the subject indicated by the title has been given the vast public which is watching the widening of woman's sphere. Mrs. Cooley is a lecturer and writer of many years experience; she is in the vanguard of the movement and no one is better qualified to speak to the great heart of womankind.



# BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

## *GREY DAWN REFLECTIONS*

By VIRGINIA BEALE LECKIE



This clever Washington girl has come close to writing the wittiest and brightest book of epigrams that has appeared in this epigram-mad age. A few samples:


A friend lies for—an enemy about—and a wife with—you.

If your grandfather made it in pigs you have a perfect right to look haughty when pork is served.

A married woman's troubled look at 3 A. M. is not so much due to worrying "if" as to "how" he will come home.

The majority of women lay the first misstep to Cupid; some to the man; but it is a fact, if open to criticism, that curiosity and the opportunity are often to blame.

Printed on grey antique paper. Cover in grey, red, green and gold. Marginal decorations in color. Frontis medallion portrait of author in red, sepia and gold. Post-paid, \$1.00.

 What daintier holiday gift for your HIM or HER?

---

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

## **BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER**

### **Marcelle**

#### **A Tale of the Revolution**

By WILLIBERT DAVIS AND CLAUDIA BRANNON.

12mo, cloth. Illustrated.

\$1.00.

A fascinating story of the Revolutionary period, in dramatic form, in which the treachery of Benedict Arnold and the capture of Major Andre are the climaxes. The loves of Andre and Marcelle (herself a spy) lend a very charming touch of romance.

---

### **The Burton Manor**

#### **A NOVEL**

By REV. M. V. BROWN.

12mo, cloth. \$1.50.

A most thoughtful, able and authoritative work in engaging narrative form, dealing with the existing evils of the liquor trade. The author has wisely embodied his conclusions in charming fiction—or fact?—and thus the book will appeal to a public as wide as the continent.

## BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

### *Reuben: His Book*

BY MORTON H. PEMBERTON.

Cloth, Gilt lettering, 12mo. Postpaid, \$1.00.

Portrait in Colors.

One of the funniest, cleverest, unique volumes of the day, it has won spontaneous and unanimous approval from reviewers the country over.

Just hear what a few of them say:

CHAMP CLARK.—"I haven't laughed so much since I first read Mark Twain's 'Roughing It.'"

GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.—"This little book has the merit of brevity, variety and humor. It is safe to say that the book will have many readers and that it will afford much amusement."

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.—"The book is already heading the list of 'best sellers,' and deserves to go. It is GOOD. It is the sort of thing which might move the provincial journalist to say, 'Reub, here's our hand.'"

### *A Scarlet Repentance*

BY ARCHIE BELL.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, \$1.00.

One Review: "The history of one night and one day's flaming passion between a beautiful Italian woman and a handsome youth—strangers—who meet upon a Pullman car. There comes into the story all the elementary passions, hatred, jealousy, desire and—sorrow.

"It is a story that will appeal to those who prefer novels in which red blood is throbbing madly. It is not for prudes, nor for parsons, nor poseurs. It's a book for men and women who have lived."—The Club-Fellow.

Broadway Publishing Company,  
835 Broadway, New York.

**BOOKS YOU MUST READ  
SOONER OR LATER**

***Why Not Order Now ?***

---

**Evelyn**

A Story of the West and the Far East.

BY MRS. ANSEL OPPENHEIM.

4 Illus. \$1.50.

Limited edition in leather, \$2.00.

The press has spoken of this book with unqualified terms of praise.

---

**The Last of the Cavaliers**

By N. J. FLOYD.

9 Drawings and Author's Photo.

\$1.50.

"No wiser or more brilliant pen has told the story of the Civil War than Capt. Floyd's; no work more thrilling simply as a romance has recently been within the reach of book-lovers."

# BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

## The Instrument Tuned

By ROSA B. HITT.

Attractive Binding, 75 cents.

Limited Edition in White and Gold, \$1.00.

(*Author's photo.*)

An able and interesting work on a comparatively new subject—Psycho-physical culture—of whose methods the author has made successful application. The book is full of common-sense suggestions and is admirably adapted to the needs of humanity in general.

The chapter-captions will give an excellent idea of the comprehensive and practical character of the work:

Various Therapeutic Agents.,  
Influence of Mind.  
Extravagant Emotions.  
Insomnia.  
Relaxation.  
Harmony the Law of Nature.

---

## Order Now

All of the books named in this magazine to be had  
from any newsdealer, or

## **BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER**

### **Told at Twilight**

BY EVA BROWNE.

A delightful collection of stories and poems.

*(Author's photo.)*

\$1.00.

---

### **Job Trotter**

BY SYLVESTER FIELD.

50c.

A unique work, proving that the "earthly paradise" of the colored race is Africa. This book is decidedly the best work that has yet appeared on the subject.

---

### **The Sin of Ignorance**

BY HENRIETTA SIEGEL.

\$1.00.

An exceedingly clever story, by a New York girl, who pictures with a fearless hand the domestic misery resulting from drink and dissipation.

*(4 special drawings.)*

## BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

### *Lost in the Mammoth Cave*

BY D. RILEY GUERNSEY.

Decorated cloth, 12mo. Illustrated.

Price, \$1.50.

A tale which a Jules Verne might envy from his own vantage ground. Imagine the possibilities for a story which are conjured up by the thought of a party of brainy men and women lost in the Mammoth Cave!

A prominent reviewer says:

"This ought to be an immensely popular book. There are no idle moments from cover to cover, and it is one which the reader will not think of laying aside until he has read every word."

---

### *Under the Darkness of the Night*

*A Tale of West Indian Insurrection.*

BY ELLEN CHAZAL CHAPEAU.

Cloth, 12mo. Attractively Produced.

Price, \$1.00.

The scenes of this story are laid in Ste. Domingue from 1792-93. It is a most timely book, written by one whose life has been passed among West Indians, and who can read the African character with surprising skill and accuracy. A wonderful picture of tropical life, brilliantly depicted.

Broadway Publishing Company,  
835 Broadway, New York.

## **BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER** *No Surrender.*

BY JOHN N. SWIFT AND WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M.D.

Cloth, 12mo. Frontispiece. Price, \$1.50

From the moment this story opens in the old whaling station of New Bedford, until the climax of climaxes is reached in the high seas, somewhere off the coast of Chile, excitement and interest are in order. It is a tale that allows of no laying aside and as incident comes crowding upon incident the reader finds himself utterly oblivious to everything but the words before him.

Imagine, if you can, the consternation of the Chilean commander and his officers of the cruiser "Dona Inez" when, on their arrival at the landing stage, ready to embark after an hour's shore leave, they find the ship, which they had left safely swinging at her moorings, completely vanished.

Such a statement is enough to arouse immediate curiosity and what became of the "Dona" and what became of the Chilean commander and his officers forms the plot of this most extraordinary narrative.

Of course the "Dona" has been skilfully purloined for felonious purposes, and while she and her piratical crew are undergoing all manner of marine castastrophe one of the former officers is dashing overland to head off if possible disagreeable contingencies with the Chilean Naval Department. His adventures are not less thrilling than those which befall the ship, and the clever chapter arrangement keeps the reader's interest ever whetted.

Broadway Publishing Company,  
835 Broadway, New York.



## **BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER**

### **Llewellyn**

**A NOVEL**

BY HADLEY S. KIMBERLING.

Cloth. \$1.50.

5 Illustrations by S. Klarr.

Here is a story whose artistic realism will appeal to everyone, while its distinction as a serious novel is made evident by its clever analysis, sparkling dialogue and thrilling and powerful situations. "Llewellyn" will win all hearts by her purity and charm.

---

### **Satan of the Modern World**

BY E. G. DOYEN.

72mo, cloth, handsomely produced.

\$1.50.

The title of this book will arouse curiosity, and its brilliant contents will fully reward the wide public which it will reach.

---

### **A Missourian's Honor**

BY W. W. ARNOLD.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

3 Illustrations.

## BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

### SOME MEN PAY

Ten thousand dollars for an expert to manage their advertising. There are others who pay TWO DOLLARS for an annual subscription to **PRINTERS INK**—the leading journal for advertisers and business men, published every Wednesday—and learn what all the advertisers are thinking about. But even these are not the extremes reached. There are men who lose over \$100,000 a year by doing neither one.

Young men and women who have an ambition to better their business by acquiring a thorough knowledge of advertising, and who wish to become proficient in the art of writing advertisements, are invited to send me ONE DOLLAR for a **SIX MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** to **PRINTER'S INK** and such information as they may care to ask. Sample copy free. Address

**Printers' Ink Publishing Co.**

10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

### *BETWEEN THE LINES*

VIOLA T. MAXIMA

Cloth, 12mo. Dainty in style, thrilling in contents . \$1 00

This is a story on the always interesting subject of an unfortunate marriage; a story of pique and lost opportunity.

**Broadway Publishing Company,**  
835 Broadway, New York.

# ADIRONDACK MURRAY

A Biographical Appreciation

By HARRY V. RADFORD

Editor of Woods and Waters

W. H. H. MURRAY (b. 1840, d. 1904)—equally celebrated as preacher, author, lecturer, sportsman and traveler—has become an immortal figure in American history and letters, taking rank, as a writer, with Cooper and Thoreau. Mr. Radford—himself an author and sportsman of national repute, and acknowledged the greatest living authority upon Adirondack sport and literature—has told the wonderful story of "Adirondack" Murray from the vantage-point of personal acquaintance, and with a characteristic grace and charm of style that insures for his book permanent popularity.

## HENRY VAN DYKE

in a personal letter written to the author from "Avalon," Princeton, N. J., says of Mr. Radford's book :

"Your writing takes me back in imagination to that beautiful country of mountains, and rivers, and lakes, where so many of the happiest months of my early life were spent, and where I learned to cast the fly and shoot a rifle. It is pleasant to feel the sincere and cordial enthusiasm with which you write of the fine traits of Mr. Murray's character, and the big out-of-door side of his life in which the best of his nature found expression. I congratulate you on the success with which you have performed your task of gratitude and friendship, and hope that your book will find its way into the hands of thousands of those who love the woods and the waters."

## 10 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

Flexible wood-green leather, with elaborate emblematic decoration in gold, and full gilt edges. By mail.....\$1.60  
Blue vellum cloth. By mail......60

**BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY**

835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

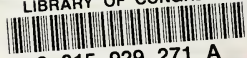




OCT 18 1907



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 929 271 A